

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

Goodness and Truth.

VOL. 1.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

NO. 15.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

TO MY ANGEL SISTER.

Thy spirit has passed away from earth,
Thou hast left us, sister dear;
No more beside our lonely hearth
Thy gentle voice we'll hear.

Thou wilt not sing again the song
In tones our hearts would thrill—
The music of thy voice is gone,
In death forever still.

Scenes that to thee were fair and bright,
Thou hast left in early bloom;
Thy fairy form and step so light
Are shrouded in the tomb.

Dim is the light of thy loving eye—
Thou wilt not waken now;
A shadow dark and deep doth lie
Upon thy marble brow.

The sweet sunlight at morn will break
O'er valley, hill and lea,
But thy glad spirit may not awake
But in eternity.

We'll miss thee at the evening hour,
When the moon is beaming fair;
'T was then we sought the loveliest flower
To deck thy shining hair.

We'll ne'er forget thee, sister dear,
With flowers thy tomb we'll twine;
And hearts that fondly loved thee here,
Thine image will enshrine.

And when sweet buds you loved in spring
O'er earth their fragrance shed,
Their beauty will the sad thought bring,
That thou art with the dead.

Yet we know there is a heavenly rest,
A brighter world above,
Where thy pure spirit, ever blest
Will watch o'er those you love.

Oxford, N. H.

M.

CASE OF JUDSON HUTCHINSON.

Dear Friend and Brother Sunderland:—

Since writing you from Cleveland, on the sixth inst., I have been beset with deep trials and afflictions, that I then little apprehended. It is due to myself and to the public, that a fair statement be made of what has occurred in the interim.

I wrote to you of my experience at Rochester. One week after my visit there, my brothers and sister came on, and they all enjoyed a most delightful interview with the spirits of many departed friends; and they were all, I believe, fully convinced of the truthfulness and genuineness of the phenomena. Judson, particularly, experienced the most extraordinary demonstrations, accompanied as they were, by what he supposed to be electrical power upon his person, that he was overwhelmed with ecstasy almost too much to bear. Yet he came on to Cleveland, rejoicing in Spirit; and on arrival in that city, immediately applied to a professed "magnetizer" named Dr. Howe, and a clairvoyant there, who, on coming into the room, immediately affected Judson very much, so impressive had he become.

On the clairvoyant's being entranced, she found it very difficult to restrain Judson from going into a deep trance, so strongly inclined was he so to do; and so attractive did the Spirit World appear to him. But, by strong persuasion, he was finally induced to come back and dwell in the body, and do his duty on the earth.

The shock, however, had been so great that with his own bodily weakness, and the goering of some friends, his feeble

nature was too fine strung to bear up manfully against the severe attacks, and for a time, he was prostrated by disease. His illness had a tendency to the brain, and for the past 12 or 14 days, he has been suffering under temporary hallucination. It was with great difficulty we were enabled to bring him home so soon, but now that he has finally arrived at his home in Milford, N. H., it will give all his friends great joy to learn of his improved state of health, with a prospect of a sure recovery.

Were it proper, dear sir, for me to add much here, of the many interesting incidents of his experience, I would gladly offer them. His mental and bodily trials have, often, been most painful and agonising; but his victories have as often been glorious and happyfying. I trust he will soon be so far restored, as to give to the world some account of his sufferings and his triumphs.

In music, he has had some most divine and Heavenly revelations. All that seems most needed is, that his physical health may so far recover, as to enable him to dispense to others what has lit up his own soul with such ecstatic joy.

May the guardian angels of the good be with us all, and may all those who believe and walk in the Spirit, intercede for the speedy and permanent recovery of an affectionate and beloved brother.

Yours for the Spiritual kingdom.

JESSE HUTCHINSON.

P. S. I send you, also, the following letter from Mr. Hazard, which will assist you in forming just conclusions as to the origin of the difficulty.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) Oct. 8, 1850.

*Mr. Jesse Hutchinson—Dear Friend,—*I have had the pleasure of meeting your

dear brothers and sister, and I bless God for the interview. I met them first at the house of Mrs. Fish, listening to the echoes from the Spirit world. The manifestations were such as appeared to give them great satisfaction. They had an appointment for to-day, and at the solicitation of Mrs. Fish, I was present. They received one of the most beautiful manifestations we are accustomed to witness. The spirit of your dear departed brother Benjamin, answered them many questions, as they will undoubtedly inform you; and then as a farther proof of his identity, commenced, of his own accord, (or rather in giving his signal) an old and familiar tune, which was immediately recognised by your brother John, and sung by all, your spirit brother keeping the most perfect time to the tune. Your brother John then called upon him to beat the time to the tune he sung while on his dying bed. He did so, and the "Victory," "Victory," was sung in a spirit that thrilled our every souls.

When we left the house, your brother Judson and I walked away together. He informed me he desired to be mesmerised. I told him I did sometimes mesmerise persons, and had no objections to trying him. He said he would call on me, if convenient, at 3 o'clock, p. m. I told him it would be. He came, and we went by ourselves into a room. While standing and conversing, I felt slight rappings under my feet. He then sat down and I immediately felt the spirits touching me upon the shoulder. I remarked we should have the help of the spirits, I thought. In a very short time, I found I could close his eyes and control some of his muscular movements. Satisfied with this, we renewed our conversation, when unexpectedly I discovered he was fast going into the mesmeric sleep. I was aware that I was not exerting any influence; and from having been mesmerised myself by spirits, I readily conceived it was their influence, and not mine. I told him it was not me, but the spirits; and suggested that he mentally ask to put his hand somewhere, that he might know it was them. He says he requested they should put it upon his head. I saw his hand go to the top of his head in a manner, apparent to me, that he did not place it there himself. His appearance was truly wonderful. His countenance indicated his spirit to be in a perfect state of ecstasy. He then

suddenly seemed to be overwhelmed with a burst of affectionate feeling, and sobbed aloud. It was like friend meeting with friend. After a few minutes, he was apparently raised from his seat upon the sofa in a manner to me perfectly astonishing. He seemed to make no effort to get up, but some invisible power raised him. I know I exercised no will in the matter. He was raised to his feet, and then he was himself again. His first exclamation was, "Oh, Benjamin, it is you! I saw you! I felt you!" &c.

I was much affected, even to tears. The scene was indescribable. It was indeed, a happy one. I have no doubt in regard to its origin.

May Heaven's blessings be with you all, and may the kind and gentle spirits cheer you on through this life, and meet you at death, and bear you to their spirit home.

Yours in friendship,
E. W. HAZARD.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

My Dear Friend and Instructor,—I am highly pleased with your "Philosopher," which I have this moment laid aside, to write you; and I can truly say, that I have had more true, intellectual enjoyment for the past two hours, in the perusal of it, than I have had in the same length of time from any other work extant, if I except the writings of that great and good man, Emanuel Swedenborg. To him first, and to yourself next, I owe all the knowledge I now possess, of the Spirit World. To you I am indebted for many truths I have never heard advocated by any other person. I hope you may go on with your present undertaking, and that it may remunerate you for your trouble. I shall look for each succeeding number with great interest. I almost envy you your conversation with the spirits of your departed children. In fact, I would value it above price, were I able to converse with my parents, and two departed children. I have no recollection of ever seeing my mother, she dying when I was only a few weeks old; but ever since I could reason for myself, I have always believed that her spirit was watching over and protecting me; and I could relate a hairbreath escape I once made in the winter of 1847, from freezing to death in the wild woods of Missouri, if it did not take up too much time. For

three days and nights I wandered through the woods, a maniac, during the coldest weather that ever was experienced in that climate, without even becoming frost-bitten! I recollect her words of encouragement to me as plain as if yesterday, cautions and advice which she gave me to keep from freezing, and finally directing me twice through the yard of the gentleman to whose house I should have gone in the stage, three days and nights before. The story would harrow up your feelings, to tell you all. At some future time I will give you a full detail of it. Often have I told my wife, that her spirit was always watching over me.

Yours, Truly,
J. W. CAMPBELL, M. D.
October 3, 1850.

THE NATION'S HOPE.

Address delivered before the Cayuga (N. Y.) Debating Club, April 29th, 1848, by

HENRY D. BARRON.

Published by request of the Club.

The "land of scholars and the nurse of arms" was no longer the dwelling place of Grecian chivalry. The simple habits, stern integrity, exalted patriotism, and heroic daring of other days, had given place to effeminacy and corruption.—Thermopylae and Marathon were there, but the vestal flame of Grecian liberty burned dim upon crumbling altars, weakly guarded by unworthy descendants of noble sires. The days of simplicity and strength were gone; those of splendor and weakness had come. Civil discord had sapped the fountains of her strength, and petty rivalries were inviting the aggressions of ambitious chieftains. Such an one was Philip of Macedon. His gold but hastened the dissolution which luxury had already seated, and the armies of the conqueror rioted where Spartan valor once met and rolled back from her shores the hristling tide of Persian arms.

There was one Grecian worthy of Grecian fame, who scorned the Macedonian's gold. A pale, awkward youth, when he first appeared before his countrymen, and was hissed from the forum. His voice was harsh, his speech faltering, and his gesture uncouth. But his was an iron will, and energy of character. He grappled with all and subdued them. He put pebbles in his mouth, sharp swords above his shoulders, and upon the sea shore mingled his voice with the ocean's thunders. Again, he was before the populace of his native city, a tall, massive browed, calm-poised, deep-toned giant in the domain of ELOQUENCE! His education was complete. Perseverance had achieved a triumph, and the rude, unsculptured granite of nature stood out in the Athenian Forum in all the faultless symmetry of artistic perfection, beautiful, matchless, sublime. Listen to the words from his lips. "ATHENIANS!"—The low, yet rich,

deep melody of that voice thrills like an electric flash, to the hearts of the breathless multitude, and every other voice is hushed. He warms as he proceeds, his form dilates, his eye gleams with the light of a soul on fire, his words are like trumpet peals, and the enraptured throng yield captive to his will, and sway to his quivering finger, as the ocean's bosom to the awakened storm. The young orator ceases, and his stirring eloquence is echoed back by the mutterings of the storm, "LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP—LET US CONQUER OR DIE." The Ajax of Grecian eloquence is upon the stage—the fame of a *Demosthenes* has commenced its parallel with time. Behold, young friends, the fruit of industry, indomitable energy, perseverance and close, intense application. Nature speaks out in *Demosthenes*, but *art* and *study* polished her rough marble and mingled melody with her thunders. His degenerate countrymen in the midst of ruined temples and broken columns speak proudly of faded splendors, but the eloquence of her gifted orator speaks louder, and *Demosthenes* lives in every land where genius or letters have a temple and a home.

In a later day, the Roman power, enervated by luxury and vice, was fast verging to her fall. The ancient fabric was already weak with decay. Her death wounds came from the hands of her own citizens and not from the rude lance and battle axe of vandal warriors. "Proud *Miohe* of Nations," the Empress of the Seven Hills no longer ruled the world in strength. Treason was in her Senate Chamber and corruption was tugging at her vitals. But there were Romans left. There was one rigid in justice, incorruptible in principle, pure in patriotism, unbending in integrity. His eloquence was of the most persuasive kind, finished, captivating and pure. Senates listened, and treason and oppression trembled. His periods were polished and faultless, and his countrymen went from the Forum with his winning melody vibrating in their souls. His was not the *Demosthenian* cataract that dashed to the plain—the ocean lashed into a foam by the Grecian master—but the deep stream gliding in beauty, yet with conscious strength. Seldom did his soul roll out in indignant thunders as when he fastened his eagle eye upon Cataline in the Senate chamber and proclaimed his treason to the Roman Senators. His efforts were generally the products of careful thought—intense study and industrious preparation. Such was *Cicero*, another of the models of antiquity, well worthy the imitation of American youth. Years of the most untiring application, of industrious study made him what he was. The mind was within, but with his *own hand* he chiselled from the rude mass the fair proportions which challenge the admiration of succeeding ages. He willed himself the first Orator of his time. The fulfilment was not buried beneath the fall of the Roman Empire, but is on record with achievements in Arts, Literature and Science, to be remembered when her conquests are forgotten.

Another distinguished architect of his

own greatness demands a passing notice, not because the example is worthy of imitation, for his ambition and talents were prostituted upon the altar of war, but for the iron energy and boldness of his character. The French Revolution had burst from its crater, and anarchy and bloodshed reigned in "*La belle France*." Its bloody harvest was reaped by the guillotine, or sunk beneath the purpled waves of her own sunny rivers, all ages alike consigned to a bloody doom. Robespierre, Danton and Marat presided at the sacrifices which drained France of its purest blood. A quiet, unassuming youth came upon the stage, a military student from Corsica, humble and unknown; but there was fire slumbering in his eye, and nerve in his heart. The mimic battle of the school grounds indexed and foreshadowed the sanguinary realities of after years. Genius was there, soon to burst out upon the world, to bless or to curse. The "child of Destiny" soon commenced his part in the great drama. At Toulon the Corsican meteor launched upon its orbit to rise with unequalled brilliancy amidst the smoke of battle and the shout of victory, and dazzle the world with its splendor, and then to burst at Waterloo and go hissing down in the lone Atlantic. Napoleon was a wonderful man, and the architect of his own fortunes. His reply to the Austrian flatterer reveals the materials of the man. "*I need no ancestors*." His genius was gigantic, exhaustless. He boldly grappled with and accomplished that which shook the world in its progress; and but for an unhallowed ambition his might have been the highest niche in the temple of fame. We admire his grasping intellect, his boldness of conception and fertility of resources, but must call him to account for the splendid armies which sleep in dust from the beleaguered walls of Spain to the sands of Egypt, and whitening neath Russian snows or nourishing the rank harvests of Waterloo. Behold the stripling student, the corporal of Toulon, the beardless but victorious "General of the army" of Italy, wheeling his flushed legions over the cliffs of St. Bernard, and descending like a thunderbolt surcharged with lightning and death upon the plains below; again at Lodi, Marengo and Austerlitz; then awakening the slumbers of silence at the fort of the Pyramids, "Emperor of the French," his eagles every where triumphant. Again an exile at Elba; once more at the head of the armies of France, and a gambler for his crown upon the chess board of Empires. At Waterloo he lost, and at Helena his star set forever.

Napoleon relied upon his own resources. There is a lesson in his career. His energy of character and commanding talents might have made him the benefactor of Europe and the rival of Washington in the admiration of a world, if rightly applied. We would admire those qualities of mind which should have made him the benefactor of his race, but never his ambition and lust for power.

BUT SCIENCE brings her tribute to the Temple where self-taught, self-created greatness ministers, and adds a bright

link to the chains we are weaving. Ere the principles of the American Revolution had burst from their "swaddling cloths," the stirring eloquence of the Hancocks and the Adamases had long vibrated upon the popular mind, or proclaimed the great truths of human rights and human liberty; before Boston Common was the forum of colonial discussions, or "old Faneuil" had rolled back from her walls the infant anthem of American independence, a poor, ragged boy left New England for the city of the Penna, ignorant of what the future had in store for him, and little caring. He moved unnoticed through the busy streets, save when his uncouth appearance attracted the attention and called forth a laugh from those passing by. On went the ragged New England boy, eating his roll as he went. He found a home among types and rollers, and went industriously at work. So commenced the career of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the Philosopher, Patriot and Sage. We will trace his career from the Printing Office to the innermost Temple of Science. He rapidly acquired celebrity, was temperate, economical and frugal, studious, and untiring in his investigations, careful and thorough in his researches, and plain and practical in all his conclusions. Our controversy with the mother country was rapidly reaching a crisis. England madly persisted in her tyrannies, and the child which her intolerance had driven from her bosom met them with boldness. Franklin was in England. He foresaw the gathering storm, and warned his country of its certain and inevitable approach. When it burst he was found with his countrymen. The journeyman printer of London, simple in habit, and plain in garb, was soon the representative of his country in the courts of the old despotisms of Europe, his society courted by the learned and the wise of all Nations, himself honored and caressed by the great. Franklin was great in his simplicity, pure in morals, and upright in principle. But his was no idle mind. It delved into the mysteries of science and brought their treasures out for the benefit of man. His own career is a priceless legacy to the youth of our country. Single handed and alone, he entered upon the race for fame. Perseverance, industry and integrity, made Benjamin Franklin. Yet how few the advantages he enjoyed in comparison with those which are thrown broad cast around us all. Who will not strive to imitate his example. In the domains of science, he outstripped the hoary philosophers of the old world, who grew dizzy even as they watched his daring flight in the tempest realm, and saw him mingle with the forked demons of the storm, grapple with the fiery king, and smiling calmly at his harmless thunders, bear him a captive to the earth! He helped to mould and arrange the machinery of an infant government, and finally ended a humble and useful life, with the fruits of his labors thick clustering around him. What an example for emulation. Had the prior boy spent his hours in idleness and vice, the man would not have filled the world with renown, and the hearts of

his countrymen with gratitude. The same field is open, the same course may not make us all Franklins, but he who aims his shaft at the sun, will come nearer to it than him who listlessly contents himself with looking at it.

Those who listen to me will readily understand the object of the previous sketches. Such examples might be indefinitely extended. Volumes might be filled with notices of self-taught and self-made men: made by persevering industry and intense application, but these must suffice. The world, and especially our own country, is full of such. It is a beautiful feature in our system of government. All are Sovereigns, and all have the privilege of striving for the approbation of their fellow citizens. The path to distinction and usefulness is open to all, and American youth are unworthy their exalted privileges if they do not honor the name of America. Our earlier history is bright with the record of honored names, distinguished in the council, the cabinet and the field—names written there by those who bore them. Those who participated in the opening drama of the Revolution cannot be forgotten, nor those who fell while its scenes were enacting upon the theatre of the world. None comes up in grander proportions than PATRICK HENRY, the great defender of liberty. Yet we are not to suppose that Henry's soul was never awakened until its startling energies were witnessed in behalf of the People *vs.* the Clergy. Such a conclusion is wrong. It had been at work deep within itself for years, whether when reading the book of human nature in the countenances and conversation of his customers while lying lazily upon his counter, or when seated upon the bank of the stream patiently watching the cork upon his line for the sign of a nibble. He was Nature's own, but he did not without a struggle spring forth Rollus-like, a Colossus in the world of Eloquence. It was said of Peter the Great:

"Blush O art! this hero owed thee nothing
Rejoice, O Nature! this prodigy is all thine own."

Yet Peter, without his activity of intellect and wide-grasping range of thought, closely applied to the practical purposes of life would not have been Peter the Great. So with Henry. He worked his mind, and richly did it yield its long hidden ores. Nature never throws her crude marble into the arena of life all glowing with faultless beauty and perfection. It must come in contact with the chisel, rudely, before its richest veins will meet the eye.

It has been said that if a man is destined to be a great man, he will be. No such thing. Destiny never makes great men of drones, or founds greatness or fame upon intellectual laziness. We must stir to reach the goal, must toil to win, must struggle to ascend. It is said of one who made a failure in the Roman Senate, that after he had done so, he immediately retired from the world and spent seven years in the closest study, and then returned to rule in the empire of mind. No career upon record so forcibly illustrates the importance, nay the

necessity of deep thought and study in the achievement of true greatness, as that of the "Old Man Eloquent" whose tomb is even now bedewed with a Nation's tears. He has gone down to his grave in a green old age, ripe in years and decked with honors, won in court, cabinet and council. Few brighter stars have ever set, beaming back through the portals of the tomb, and shedding a mellow light upon a long and eventful life without spot or stain. Wherever America is known ADAMS has been honored. His integrity has come untarnished from the fiery ordeals of party conflict, himself the recipient of the highest office in the gift of the American people. Destiny did not make Adams. Revolutionary blood was in his veins and New England principles in his heart, yet these might have been a worthless legacy without the determination to honor his noble lineage and make himself useful in the world. He worked his mind, he never was an idler. Adams was a man of thought and study, and here is the secret of his steady advancement—his worth and his honors. Whether the beardless secretary to his country's minister, himself her representative at a foreign court, Commissioner of Peace, Secretary of State, President of the Republic, or again the argus-eyed member of the Lower House; Adams was always the same, industrious, studious and persevering. The world has lost the man, but not his influence and example. That is left to us all. It may and probably will be a long time before another such an individual will move among us, all the valued history of half an age garnered in his vigorous mind; yet the same devotion to the duties of life and improvement of the advantages within our reach, will bring us nearer to his exalted standard of excellence and moral worth.

"Knowledge is power," and the present aspect of the world proves the truth of the assertion. No nation can ever be truly great or powerful, unless its mind is enlightened. Moral or mental darkness always engenders weakness and degradation. No intelligent or well educated people can ever be enslaved or trodden down. Force may bind them for awhile, but every rivet will be broken and intellect-march from her dungeon unfettered.

Had the masses of Poland had but the mind of our own colonial youth, her power might have yet been a fixed star in the European firmament, and gleamed brightly out in the constellation of Empires. The ~~ashes~~ of her patriot martyrs are again instinct with life, but the Russian power is already pouring its "fierce hussars" upon her borders to extinguish with blood the first appearance of National flame. Had she but the mind that once congregated upon Boston Common, in Old Faneuil, in Independence Hall, the Continental Congress, of the Virginia House of Burgesses, Poland might proclaim with cannon her birth-day anthem of Freedom from her Lexingtons and Bunker Hills.

The present is an age of interest, intense and exciting. The hoary monarchies of Europe are shrinking from the

march of mind. Kings are but pigmies, and thrones but empty baubles, trampled under foot by the down-trodden masses, struggling for right. Tyranny yields and light streams in upon Papal darkness from her own dim altars. France has again launched forth a Republic. The other European despotisms are following in her wake. The tide cannot, will not be staid.

This proves to us that mind is power. The world may seem a large scale to calculate from, but facts are always the same. Items form the aggregate. If individuals are ignorant, a Nation will be, and *vice versa*. Mexico, with her tropical sun, fertile soil and silver in her bosom, is poor indeed compared with our own land. Who would exchange the naked privilege of living in our own Empire State, with her colleges, academies, printing presses and common schools, for Mexico with her mines, or Spain with her orange groves and storied associations. 'Twas this, and not fleets and armies that carried us through a seven years' conflict with a powerful foe. It gave birth to the glorious truths, that ALL MEN WERE CREATED FREE AND EQUAL," that these colonies ought to be free and independent, and then baptised the offering in blood upon the battle fields of the American Revolution. England and America have the most real strength of any two powers upon the Globe. 'Tis educated mind that gives them such, and not hall or bayonet.

It is the glory of nations. What constitutes the real glory of these two powers? Their conquests? Their armies or navies? Their strength upon land or sea? Far from it. It is their progress in the Arts and Sciences—their more universal dissemination of light and knowledge among the people. It is the hope of a Nation. Armies may be butchered and navies destroyed but mind cannot be conquered. It was this unflinching, indomitable agent that won our own freedom, and not men or arms. This must support our government, give it strength, and win us respect and honor; if storms should beset our national pathway, it is that must protect our institutions, and shield them from harm.

ASTONISHING POWER OF SIGHT.—It is stated in a late Foreign Magazine, that there is now living in the Isle of France, a man endowed with such remarkable power of sight, that he perceives vessels several hundred miles at sea (!) He is pensioned by the British government, and every morning reports to the government house what vessels are in the offing, and when they may be expected, and it is remarkable that he was never known to fail. When the first steamer was sent from England to the East, he saw her at a distance of some hundred miles, but was surprised to observe that she had four masts, one of them smoking! When he reported this strange appearance, (no steamer being expected, or known to be on its way,) it was supposed that he had lost his extraordinary power of vision, but the result verified his story.

SPIRITUAL
PHILOSOPHER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1850.

SPIRITUAL FORCE.

We have before alluded to the order in which we suppose manifestations of Force are to be looked for from the Spirit World. At least we may say, that the form in which they have been made to us, and all that have come within our notice, have seemed to confirm the view we have given of the subject; that is, the *Love* element first, then *Will*, or *Power*, and the last or highest, is *Wisdom*, or communication of knowledge.

Thus, manifestations come first from our own guardian spirits, or those spirits who are the nearest to us, and who love us the most. And hence, questions inappropriate to the relation which our guardian spirits sustain to us, will generally receive no answer. As if the spirit would say to us: "I am your dear mother! I love you! I am always near to you, my child. I will not leave you." Now, the reception which this message meets in the heart or affections of the child, will very much determine the answers which may be hoped for, to questions which extend up to Force, or to the *Wisdom* principle. Suppose the child, instead of admitting the spirit of an affectionate mother into his heart, commences a series of mathematical questions to be answered by the spirit! And suppose he sets out with the determination of denouncing the whole thing, if his problems are not solved! Would this course be the language of *Love*?

The spirit of an affectionate, devoted wife comes to her husband and says:

"Dear husband! I love you still. I am with you. I rejoice in all your joys. I sympathise with you in all your sorrows." But, this same husband, instead of reciprocating these manifestations of Love, calls on the spirit, purporting to be that of his wife, to tell him how old she was when she left this sphere. There will be a time when this question would not be inappropriate, we know; and so there will be a time when almost any other question, in astronomy or chemistry, would be proper; but these questions are not appropriate, certainly, till the *Love* element has been sufficiently gratified. What does this element demand, always?

So, in the case of brothers and sisters. The spirit of an affectionate sister responds to the call of her brother, and says: "Brother, dear, I am your sister. Tell dear mother. I am happy. I am near to you, most of the time."

But, the brother, instead of receiving this message, and realizing the vast meaning which it comprehends, attempts to test the spirit with a series of questions as to her

age, or the place where she died. Suitable enough, these questions may be, at the proper time, but they are not the first answers to be given to the first manifestations of *Love*, from the spirit world. Hence, we suppose, that, when this principle has been once sufficiently recognized and gratified between the spiritual and external, or, between spirits who have left this sphere, and those of their friends who remain, then, and not till then (in form and order,) may we look for manifestations of the next element, which is *Will*, or *Force*.

Here, as is often the case, we are conscious of a difficulty in speaking of Force, whether we call it physical or spiritual. Strictly speaking, all Force is spiritual; for surely, no one will assume that it is external, or that it can be seen. Its form or motions may be seen, we know; as, when you see a stone fall to the earth, you notice its motions, but the Force which carries it to the earth, you do not see. You see a piece of machinery in motion, but you do not, with your external eyes, see the Force by which that motion is produced. But, may you not see it with your mental or physical eyes?

Hence, it would seem to be near the truth, if we were to say that there is no other Force but spiritual; and, that all causes are in the spiritual world; and effects are external, or in the external world. And if so, why then may we not speak of certain motions produced by spirits? Why may they not move tables, chairs, or other external or ponderable objects? I have seen these objects moved many times, when I knew it could not have been done, either by the laws of gravitation, or by any human power, directly or indirectly applied. If you say you cannot believe what I here affirm, I answer, you are not required to believe it, till you have the necessary amount of evidence, and when that is given, you, also, will find joy and peace in believing.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

We remember when reading Messrs. Capron and Barron's pamphlet, last winter, giving an account of the spiritual manifestations in western New York, we found it exceedingly difficult to admit what was said about the moving of articles, such as tables, chairs, a guitar, &c. And now, we suppose others will be as unwilling to believe what we affirm, as we once were, to believe what was reported on this subject by others.

When in Stratford, Ct., I saw a large mahogany dining table moved repeatedly, without human hands. Once, it was moved by spirits, while we were seated around it, at breakfast.

One evening, with the Fox family in Rochester, I witnessed demonstrations of physical force by the spirits, of a most extraordi-

nary kind. While standing in a circle with four or five others, I was touched, taken hold of by spiritual hands with such force, that the blows could be heard at considerable distance. By spiritual hands, I was patted on the arm, and on my head; and once, my ankle was struck with such power, as to produce a sensation approaching to pain. The doors of the rooms were opened and shut without hands, and noises were made in various places, as loud as if the floor was struck with a hammer. I heard sounds at the same time, which very much resembled a human voice, made, as I believed, by invisible spirits. The furniture in the room was moved, and the chairs piled one upon another; books, papers, inkstands, &c., were all moved and put in ludicrous positions.

In my own family, I have seen an article of furniture moved by spirits, fifty times in succession. Doors and windows have been opened and shut. A pine table has been moved in the presence of strangers, lifted up, and back and forth, repeatedly. A very large, extension, mahogany dining-table has been moved, and when two strong men were trying to hold it still, (one of them was a clergyman.)

Sunday morning, October 20th, one of my daughters gathered thirty beautiful dahlias, and spread them out separately on a large table. Then, standing near the table, without touching it, I requested the spirit of my son to move the flower, whose color pleased him best. Immediately one of a pink color vibrated; and the motions were repeated and continued for some time, while the table and each of the other flowers were perfectly still. I then requested another spirit to move the flower she preferred, when another was seen to shake, very distinctly, which continued for some time, while all the other flowers remained perfectly still. These details are given to show that we have had manifestations of Force by spirits, to ponderable objects, made under circumstances where we could not be deceived about it.

In a letter from Henry C. C. Gordan, dated October 24th, to whom we have before referred, he says, that afternoon, while at tea in Norwalk, Ct., the table at which they were sitting, was raised by the spirits above their heads, and whirled about, and then set down again without harm to any one! And we have heard of other similar manifestations, still more wonderful, but which we forbear to give an account of at present.

CASE OF MR. JUDSON HUTCHINSON.

In order fully to understand this case, the reader may examine again, the article in our number for Sept. 21st, headed *Laws of the Spirit World*, especially the IX paragraph.

We should be careful how we apply the term *insane* to any one. Were correct views

always prevalent, no injury would follow, but an experience of many years has convinced us, that correct views of insanity are very rare. We foresaw that the notions about being "possessed" or "magnetized by spirits," would be liable to mischievous results, and have so stated in our fourth number. We have as good evidence to prove that "spirits" themselves, may, sometimes, be said to be "insane" as that human beings are.

It is not true that persons are, really, "magnetized" by spirits, in the sense that many suppose. How it is, is briefly suggested in the article to which we have referred above. But, the whole subject may be farther illustrated hereafter.

P. S. Since the above was in type, I have been summoned to Milford, N. H., for the purpose of rendering assistance to the brother above referred to. I spent three days and nights with him, and, though I must say I found his case far worse than I had supposed, yet I am encouraged to hope that all will be well with him and his, in a short time. I can only now repeat the caution I have before given, against the prevalent notions about being "magnetized by spirits."

MESSAGES PROMISED!—Spirits have promised messages to their friends, through the Spiritual Philosopher. And many are now looking into our columns from week to week, for spiritual food promised them from the spiritual world. Dear friends of my soul! As far as it lies in my power to gratify you, my life, my time, my all, are at your service.

HENRY D. BARRON is authorized to act as general Agent for the "Spiritual Philosopher."

UNITY.

PROTECTIVE UNIONS.

While the Industrial Congress of the United States urges the Homestead Exemption, the Freedom of all unoccupied Lands, Land Limitation, Universal Education, and Universal Freedom, as indispensable and fundamental Reforms, this body is not unmindful of the fact that something else must be done to complete the Emancipation of labor, and elevate the pursuits of life.

The Freedom of the Public Lands and Land Limitation will secure the Independence of our Farmers, and give homes without rents to the Mechanics and common Laborers of our cities; but the fact cannot be overlooked that all these toilers still remain in bondage—are still compelled to ask the capitalists for bread—

are still forced to sacrifice their independence, and toil at the will of another for the means of subsistence. It is true, that Land Limitation will save them from the unnatural, rented system that now extorts one third of the produce of labor, but other measures are necessary speedily, to elevate all to freedom, independence, ease and plenty. What are these measures?

1. The Protective Union System, by which the ruinous competition of society may be destroyed. How can Protective Unions be organized? The plan is simple, and has proved universally successful. Let the Laborers associate together, each contributing, say ten dollars, to a fund for the purchase of goods; let a faithful agent be selected from their number to transact the business; and let a storehouse be rented, if one cannot be bought.

To show how successful the Protective Unions have proved at the East, let the simple fact be stated, that one of these Unions at Lynn, Massachusetts, has supplied the shareholders with goods ten per cent. below the wholesale cost. This result was effected by selling goods to general customers at an advance on cost of but four per cent., thus bringing goods to the people far below the usual prices, and yet making enough to reduce the prices to the stockholders ten per cent. About one hundred of these Unions are in successful operation, and they make their purchases through the Central Division to the amount of \$120,000, or nearly half a million per year. Any Protective Union, located in any part of the land, can make its purchases through the agency at Boston. Goods can thus be obtained at the lowest wholesale prices, and orders can be made without the travelling expenses to which merchants are usually subjected. The benefits of this system are:

1. Fair Dealing.
2. Cheap Dealing.
3. The employment of no more individuals in trade than are demanded, and the disenthralment of nine tenths of those now engaged in unproductive pursuits, and turning them over to valuable labor, which they will assist in mitigating the general severity of toil.

All branches of exchange can be thus organized, so that those who produce, whether on the farm or in the shop, can keep the whole system of material commerce in their own hands, and abolish

the competitive spirit which is too generally characterized by selfishness and deception. All men do not deceive in business, but the temptation is great, and it is understood that the buyer as well as the seller must be shrewd or he will be cheated.

11. The second branch of organization deemed indispensable to the welfare of the toiler, is that of labor partnership or association for the purpose of self-employment. Now the mechanics of all branches are journeymen, and have masters who give them work and pay according to their will. It is not the most consistent with true manhood, for an individual to be thus subjected to the power of the capitalist, neither is it consistent with the order of Nature, which declares that one man's existence shall not depend upon the will of another, but that the service of one another shall be mutual and reciprocal. These labor organizations are going into successful operation in Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, and the problem of the Emancipation of Labor is solved. The advantages of this are:

1st. Each partner is the proprietor of his own industry, and obtains all its fruits.

2d. Each is independent of the tyranny of capitalists, and no strikes will be necessary to keep the wages up to living rates.

3d. No one, after the organization is successful, will be forced to neglect mental culture and forego all the delights of life.

4th. Every one can secure enough of all the means of happiness, for a merely pleasurable toil.

5th. Each one being his own master, will feel his manhood, and be removed from the influence of mental depression that attends the relation of employer and employed.

THEOLOGY.

If our own beating hearts and heaving lungs and all the external creation reveal God—that is, a one planning, acting, energizing spirit or being analogous to ourselves—what sort of a God is he? What are his attributes? What from any book or bible?

We are sometimes told that the external creation may reveal the physical attributes of God, but as to his moral attributes—his essential character—we can only learn him from the Bible or Holy Scriptures. Now it seems to us just otherwise. The moral sentiments of God

reveal themselves peculiarly in nature.—His benevolence beams in the sunshine and the shower; his truth in the stars; his love and faithfulness in the pulsations of the heart. These revelations do touch the hearts and govern more or less all created moral beings. There are none so dull as not to feel them. True enough there are some moral attributes of God embodied in systems of theology which are not revealed in nature. We think they are not revealed any where. Those revelations of the moral character of God which are contained in theology but not confirmed by nature seem to us exceedingly dubious.

A bible is needed, so far as it is needed, rather to reveal ideas, truths to be received by the intellectual faculties, than moral sentiments.

But let us look at this matter of revelation more closely. How does our sacred writers Moses or Paul, get those notions of God, moral or intellectual, which he writes or dictates for the world to receive and reverence? Does God inspire them mediantly or immediately? If immediately, without any intervention of visible or sensible objects or action of the external creation upon the senses, then the sacred writer might as well be a simple ignoramus—a weak vessel—as a wise and cultivated man. But we find the received holy Scriptures valuable very much in proportion to the cultivation and mental power of the writers. Moses and Paul were among the wisest men of their age. They were the men best able to receive the natural revelation, which God is every where making to all who are able to receive it. We may fairly, and naturally we must suppose, that they only received—so far as they did receive—that knowledge of God which any minds of equal powers and cultivation would have received through the things of God which surrounded them.

But some one says, "Oh no, God appeared to them miraculously—by a suspension of nature's laws—by unconsumed burning ashes—by great lights and voices from heaven." Miracles, indeed! Why, dear, thinking reader, if you will but think, a miracle or wonderment—a suspension of natural law or violation of it—is no proof of a God. Rather the reverse. So far as it goes it is a proof of the want of a God or of a conflict of Gods, rather than any thing else. It is the regular, harmonious, uninterrupted movement of the universe that speaks of

the great omnipotent, eternal governor, nor its cessation—if such cessation there be. Miracles, indeed! The greatest possible miracle is that which is nearer to a man and the most constantly with him. It must be through these constant miracles that God inspires any sacred writer. An exceptional miracle might be used by such writer to arrest the attention of others, but it would not be the thing to secure his own honest conviction.

Again, granting the existence of genuine exceptional miracles, is it not even more difficult for the common mind to decide which is genuine and which spurious or pretended, than it is to judge whether a sentiment or doctrine is really true and divine or not? Why, compared with the light of the great, every day, open miracles, which beams upon us out of and through the sacred writers, the light of the miracles, so called, is fog and darkness.

We are not by any means disposed to deny that the sacred writers did apprehend truths of God, which others were not in a condition to perceive, and writing them down in living words brought them within the grasp of duller intellects. Thus they were the medium of a revelation. But they owed all to the higher revelation in God's universal language, to which the Bible and all bibles must ever be secondary.

This view will be found rational, when applied to the Bible as the sole revelation. It is a revelation only to those who comprehend its meaning, and some do not. To a Henry or Poole it reveals more than to the unlearned. These pulldish commentaries through which the revelation is carried down to the unlearned. To such, then, the commentary, not the Bible, is the real revelation,—on the principle of our modern advocates of inspiration. That is to say, in the case of these unlearned persons, the Bible bears the same relation to the commentary that in the religious world Nature bears to the Bible.

Our theology then is, that all the things we see around us and in us constitute a general revelation from God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and that there is really no other revelation, all Bibles, however valuable, being only commentaries. And as to narrow views and frightful visions of God, which ordinary nature does not bear out, however backed by asserted miracles, they

are, from the very necessity of our natures, too doubtful to be admitted into theology, or the sacred science of God. They have always formed the staple of all mere priestcrafts—now known to be such—and it is likely that any system of religion which makes much of them, partakes too strongly of the craft of the priesthood.—*Boston Sunday Chronotype.*

THE HUMAN FAMILY.

The Southern Presbyterian gives the following particulars as in part constituting the argument for the identity of the human race. They are striking, and independently of the express declaration of Scripture, that God "bath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth," would seem to be conclusive.

The naturalist decides upon the species to which an animal belongs, from the number of its teeth—the number of young it produces at a birth, its period of gestation, and from the natural duration of life. In all these points the various nations of mankind are alike.

Again, their diseases and the effects of like remedies upon them are alike.

Again, they have all Ovid's "*Os subline et erectus ad sidera vultus.*" Not a tribe, nor an individual in a healthy state, was ever found who did not walk erect; while, on the other hand, not one animal possesses this faculty. Even the Ourang Outang climbs rather than walks. He cannot stand on one foot. He is, in fact, a *quadruman*, or four-handed beast, while all the human tribes have two hands and two feet.

Furthermore, man in every country is distinguished from brutes in being (as Franklin said) "*a tool-maker,*"—also in being a fire-user; an eater of cooked food; and more or less a wearer of clothes.

It is another striking peculiarity of man, in distinction from brutes, that he laughs, and men of all nations possess this peculiarity.

In like manner weeping is peculiar to man, and common to all nations of men. So with music, in the highest sense of the term.

So with speech—it is a broad line of demarcation between man and all kinds of animals, and yet every variety of men possess it equally. The Nepougwe language spoken by the rude Africans of the Gaboon river, is one of the most euphonious and one of the most philo-

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